

## TAFT GREET'S WILSON IN THE WHITE HOUSE

President's Last Day as Chief Executive Filled with Work and Many Farewells.

GIVES SULZER A REAL HUG

Chats with Bryan and Host of Other Callers—Attends Final Meeting of Cabinet, Sitting in Wilson's Chair.

(From The Tribune Bureau.)  
Washington, March 3.—President-elect Woodrow Wilson and Mrs. Wilson made a formal call at the White House at just 5 o'clock this afternoon, and were received in the Green Room by the President and Mrs. Taft. Hosts and visitors chatted together for about fifteen minutes, and then Governor Wilson and his wife were whisked back to the Shoreham Hotel.

A large crowd congregated about the portico on the north side of the Executive Mansion to get a glimpse of the President-elect, who received a stirring ovation when he appeared, escorted by Colonel Spencer Cosby, in one of the White House automobiles. Mr. Wilson was guarded by secret service men, and two motorcycle policemen followed in the wake of the automobile.

Beaming with smiles, President Taft escorted Mrs. Wilson to the automobile at the end of the call. His appearance was the signal for tremendous cheering from the crowd, which he acknowledged with a bow. He stood for a moment to watch his successor whirled off of the grounds and then passed into the White House amid the din of cheering.

William J. Bryan, Secretary of State, to be called on by President Taft soon after 4 o'clock. The President was not at the White House when "the Commoner" called, and Mr. Bryan remained in the executive offices and chatted with the secretary of the President, Mr. Hilges, until Mr. Taft arrived. He remained only a few minutes after greetings had been exchanged.

"Here's something I want to show you," said the President, as he grasped his visitor by the arm and led him to the cabinet room. "This," continued the President, "is the cabinet room."

Mr. Bryan sat down in the chair of the Secretary of State, but he made no comment.

"I just dropped in to say farewell," he told the newspaper men as he departed. "I have many Republican friends, as well as those in the Democratic party."

Farewells to Diplomats.

Members of the diplomatic corps paid their respects to Mr. Taft at 5 o'clock, and the members of the United States Supreme Court called at 6:45 o'clock.

President and Mrs. Taft dined at the

## SNAPSHOTS OF THE BIG SUFFRAGE PARADE IN WASHINGTON YESTERDAY.

One of the big floats, representing women of the Bible lands.

(Photograph Copyright by American Press Association.)



AN INDIAN MEDICINE WOMAN ON HORSEBACK.

home of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Boardman and Miss Mabel Boardman to-night.

Between the various formal engagements President Taft transacted much business. He also shook hands with scores of persons during the day. Although he did not retire until 2 o'clock this morning, he was up again before 8 o'clock and at the executive offices at 10 o'clock. He affixed his signature last night to more than a thousand army and navy commissions, autographed letters and photographs of himself and various documents and business letters.

President Taft was greeted by a throng of callers when he appeared this morning, but it was impossible for him to see them all, although he said farewell to scores, including Major General Wood and the general staff of the army, chiefs of the bureau of War Department, Captain McCully and officers of the President's yacht Mayflower, Governor Sulzer of New York and party, Governor Dunne of Illinois and party and many others, including members of Congress and other officials.

"Hello, Billy!" called President Taft when he caught sight of Governor Sulzer, and he threw his arms about the New York Executive and gave him a real hug. Governor Sulzer explained to President Taft that he was anxious to have him sign the bill creating the Department of Labor. With Mr. Sulzer were Samuel Gompers and Frank Morrison, president and secretary, respectively, of the American Federation of Labor. President Taft said he was undecided as to what he would do with the bill, although he was inclined to veto it.

President Taft's cabinet met to-day for the last time. Many bills not yet approved were considered.

The cabinet officers sat in the chairs which have been bought for the members

of Mr. Wilson's official family, and the President used the chair at the head of the table which the new President is expected to sit in after to-morrow. The old chairs have been taken away, according to custom, by Mr. Taft's cabinet, each member buying the one he occupied.

The President made but few changes in the executive offices. He removed from the west wall of his private office the picture of his father, Alphonso Taft, which had hung there for four years. The only picture in the big room which will greet President Wilson is that of ex-President Roosevelt, which was hung there several years ago by Mr. Taft.

that the tableaux to take place on the south plaza were delayed. The plan was to have the head of the parade start from the Monument and the tableaux begin at the Treasury at exactly the same hour, 3 o'clock. The parade directors figured that the head of the line would then strike the Treasury just as the actors to walk down and join the marchers just after closing their symbolic dance.

Well, the person who telephoned must have been rattled, for Columbia, Miss Hedwig Reicher, was on time to the minute in making her appearance before the waiting throng. Her five Gracees were on time, the eighty-seven attendants were on time and the tableaux proceeded just as Miss Hazel MacKaye, who designed and directed the allegory, intended they should be. And then, light that long wait for the parade, that wait on the Treasury steps, while the cold winds nipped the little pink bare toes of Miss Florence Fleming Noyes, who did "Liberty" in the lowest-necked, flame-colored gown you ever saw—sans shoes, sans stockings, almost sans everything, but with sandals that were nothing but soles that didn't show, and a strap.

Didn't Feel Cold, She Says.  
Miss Noyes declared she didn't feel the cold in her toes a bit. "I'd have danced in bare feet if it weren't that I have to dance at the Waldorf-Astoria next week," she said. "And I'm afraid, you know, that I might hurt my feet on these stones."

The tableaux were beautiful. Nothing could have been more effective than the colors, the grouping, the whole spectacle, which pleased the eyes of the hundreds on the grandstand opposite and massed in the streets below.

"Well, if that's woman suffrage, it's mighty good to look at," muttered one old man, as Columbia, tall, dark, stately, came down the long broad flight of steps between the white columns of the Treasury Building, the wind blowing off her blue velvet cloak and showing the red and white stripes of the lining. It got awfully dirty, before the tableaux ended. Uncle Sam must have forgotten to sweep his Treasury steps before Columbia paid her call.

Justice, in purple robes and a crown, Miss Sarah Truax, was the first to descend the steps and be folded in Columbia's arms. Justice had nine attendants, all purple garbed, but the crowd didn't pay much attention to that group. They all had shoes on—high, white shoes—and the crowd was reserving its enthusiasm for the bare tootsie-wootsies it had seen advertised, in diaphanous pale blue—Miss Violet Kimball—was lovely, as were her child attendants, but another sigh of disappointment went like a gust through the crowd. Still, still, no twinkling bare toes.

Justice and Charity grouped themselves on either side of Columbia, and then—then came the bare tootsies. Down the Treasury steps to the stone plaza they flashed and twinkled about Columbia in a fascinating dance, strikingly suggestive of the unconventional and classic poses of Miss Maud Allen, while Liberty's flame-colored draperies fluttered above them. And in Liberty's wake came nine damsels in gauzy draperies of pink and rose, rendered still more so by the low descending sun.

Peace the Loveliest of All.  
Next came what was really the loveliest figure in the tableaux, Peace, Miss Eleanor Lawson, tossing her white dove. Peace, of course, was in snow white, and so were the maids who followed her. The only spot of color about them was the fruit in the horns of plenty they carried. And the long trailing rays of the setting sun took liberties with the living pictures.

Last of all came Hope, Miss Florence Fleming, a flitting spirit, in a varicolored gown. She just danced out, and then she disappeared behind the columns, for Hope, you know, is never visible very long. But the children who danced after, each one holding a beautiful blue balloon, with stars on it, they stayed and grouped themselves with the rest about Columbia. The Hope children would have been more effective, by the way, if their feet had not been so variously attired. Some had on little white dancing sandals, and some had on stubby black school shoes—but never mind.

It was lovely, and remained lovely for fifteen minutes after Columbia and her graces had finished the tableau which typified the ideal toward which woman has been struggling through the ages. They finished at 3:45 o'clock. Four o'clock came and no sign of any parade. Instead, as far down Pennsylvania avenue as the eye could reach—down to the Capitol apparently—was a solid mass of people. They had broken through the ropes intended to restrain them, and the fourteen police captains and their men were powerless to check them—they did not try, the marchers say.

The herds, who were to have been stationed along the route with their trumpets, were lost, swallowed up in the throng. Patiently Columbia and her graces waited and shivered. At last an excited messenger dashed up. "The suffragists are stuck up there," he gasped. "They've sent to Fort Myer for help."

Actors Flee from the Cold.  
"Well," said Liberty, "no use freezing out here." And her bare toes dashed up the steps into the shelter of the Treasury, and all the tableau actors followed suit. They came out again when the parade appeared, which was at just 4:30.

It was soon after the head of the line left the monument that the trouble started. As a spectacle the parade was beautiful. The floats far surpassed in attractiveness those in the suffrage parade in New York on last November 2. The "Petticoat Cavalry" rode well, and it certainly "gave an air" to the line.

And it was very impressive, too, to see all those banners from almost every part of the world; from the places where women vote and from the places where they don't vote; from California and from Maine, and from Michigan and from Texas; from Canada, from Australia, from the Occident, from the Orient—it was impressive to see those banners, and to feel that here were gathered women from all over this big, round globe, and that these women were joined here in a common cause, the advancement, the enfranchisement of their cause.

There is no doubt that the sight thrilled many of the vast crowd that passed, that it opened the eyes of the

MRS. WOODWARD CLARK.  
The delegate from far away Australia.

multitude and that the capital of the country is thinking, really thinking, about suffrage to-night as old Washingtonians never supposed it could think. There is no doubt that when the women who marched here recovered from their indignation at the hustling they received they will realize this and appreciate that their treatment did not represent the feeling of real Washingtonians.

There is no doubt that they will not, when they have had time to think, regret their experience any more than they regret the \$3000 the parade cost. They do not really regret it to-night, but my, they are mad! It was barely a block from the peace monument that the trouble began, for that is a tough neighborhood—Washington's Chinatown.

Roughs Hem In Mrs. Burleson.  
Roughs and drunken men swarmed out and some climbed upon the floats. They gathered around Mrs. Burleson till her horse was frightened, though she didn't budge, and there is no telling what would have happened if some marines from the streets, indignant because the police appeared to do nothing, hadn't formed a voluntary guard of honor for her.

In the meantime, Miss Alice Paul, head of the local suffrage committee, was ploughing a path through the crowd with her automobile. Major Richard Sylvester, chief of police, was doing the same in another automobile, and more than a hundred men, members of the committee on public order, were trying to help him. Then the soldiers from Fort Myer dashed up, the hoofs of their horses flying out at the crowd, and at last a way was cleared.

When the cavalry suddenly appeared there was a wild outburst of applause in the reviewing stand. The men in brown virtually brushed aside the mounted and foot police and took charge. In two lines the troops charged the crowds. Evidently realizing they would be ridden down, the men fought their way back. When they did, the officers, did not hesitate. Their horses were driven into the throng and whirled and wheeled until hostess men and women were farcically relieved. Miss Helen Keller, the noted deaf and blind girl, was so exhausted and unmoved by her experience in attempting to reach a grandstand, where she was to have been a guest of honor, that she was unable to speak later at Continental Hall.

Miss Inez Milholland, head of the procession, distinguished herself by aiding in riding down a mob that blocked the way and threatened to disrupt the parade. A group of hoodlums gathered in front of the reviewing stand in which sat Mrs. Taft and Miss Helen Taft and a half dozen invited guests from the White House. They kept up a running fire of caustic comment. Apparently no effort was made to remove them, and, evidently disgusted, the White House party went away before the procession had passed.

The greatest ovation, probably, was given to "General" Roscoe Jones, who had her little land from New York over rough roads and through snow and rain to march for "the cause." "General" Jones was radiant. She carried a great bunch of American Beauty roses, which made a splash of scarlet against the dull brown of her hooded traveling gown.

TAFT'S LAST DAY MERCIFUL  
Washington, March 3.—President Taft commuted to-day, to expire on March 28, the fifteen-year sentence of William Montgomery, convicted at Pittsburgh, November 28, 1898, of misappropriating the funds of the Allegheny National Bank, of Pittsburgh, of which he was cashier. The bank failed with a shortage of \$100,000. Hyde's sentence to a fine of \$1,500 and costs, Clemency for Hyde, who has not served any part of the sentence, was opposed by the Postoffice Department.

## JUST PLAIN WILSON FOR ONE HAPPY HOUR

President-Elect Laughs, Sings and Talks with Eight Hundred Fellow "Grads" of Old Nassau at Princeton Smoker.

Washington, March 3.—President-elect Wilson, for one brief hour to-night, became Woodrow Wilson, the "good old alumnus of Old Nassau," when he attended the smoker of the Princeton Alumni Association in the New Willard Hotel. There were old "grads" and young "grads" at the smoker—eight hundred of them, all told. And they "whooped 'er up" for their alma mater in a way that made the future President think he was back in college again.

He was not President-elect Wilson. He was just plain Woodrow. And not a few of the "grads," with hair turned gray, called him "Tommy," for that was his name when he was a freshman in the New Jersey university.

Mr. Wilson, with Justice Mahlon Pitney, a classmate, and Henry Clay Stewart, president of the Alumni Association, arrived at the smoker at 9:15 o'clock and found the alumni lined up in a sort of aisle, through which he passed to the stand in the centre of the hall. Before he reached it, however, the Marine Band struck up the "Triangle Song," and it was not long before he was singing with the enthusiasm of a freshman.

When Mr. Wilson finally reached the platform the band struck up "Old Nassau," and again the President-elect joined in the singing, beating time with his programme in the way that only the Princeton "grads" can—at least those who want to sing the song right.

Among those who grasped Mr. Wilson's hand were William F. McCoombs, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and Rolla Wells, treasurer of the committee; Senator Pomerene, of Ohio, and the oldest two Princeton "grads" there—Dr. A. A. Lyons, of

Nashville, and Dr. Robert W. Watson, of Lockhaven, Penn., both of the class of '59. Mr. Wilson also shook the hands of twenty-six of his classmates, who had gone through the university with him in the class of '79. He then heard the familiar "locomotive" cheer for Wilson and for Princeton.

The President-elect did not intend to speak, but he had to say something, because the alumni insisted on it. He paid a short but glowing tribute to the virtues of his alma mater. It was not a political speech—just a plain little heart-to-heart talk with "members of his family," was the way he expressed it.

"Fellows," said Mr. Wilson, "I had not expected to say anything to-night. The only appropriate thing to say I can't say, because there are no words for it. There are some emotions that are much deeper than any vocabulary can reach, and I have a feeling to-night that moved me very much indeed.

"We have often spoken of our comradeship together as Princeton men, and I have spoken so often that I am ashamed almost to repeat it of the part that Princeton has played in public life and of the part that she ought to play in public life. I have spoken of that sense of invisible brotherhood that binds men by uncommon standards of honor and service, and as I stand here upon the eve of attempting a great task I rejoice that there are so many men in the United States who know me and understand me, and to whom I do not have to explain anything."

Mr. Wilson left his fellow "grads" at 10:15 o'clock, and he was in bed before 10:30 o'clock. He carried with him to his room a tiger's tooth for good luck, presented to him at the smoker, to be added to his already large collection of rabbits' feet, horse chestnuts and other symbols of good fortune.

**J. M. Gidding & Co.**  
New York Paris

OPENING EXHIBIT  
SPRING FASHIONS

Model Gowns and Wraps  
French Millinery  
Two and Three-piece Costume Suits  
Motor and "Sport" Coats  
Blouses and Waists

The most complete exposition of Fashionable Outer-dress for Women and Misses ever attempted by a New York establishment.

Fifth Avenue, 46th & 47th Streets

**Go This Spring**  
Low-fare Colonist  
Excursions to  
**Arizona and CALIFORNIA**  
on Tourist-Sleeper Trains  
**MARCH 15**  
TO **APRIL 15**



A farm is waiting for you in Arizona or California, where irrigation and almost constant sunshine help make crops certain and profitable.

These Spring colonist excursions offer you very low railroad and sleeper fares, with excellent service on Santa Fe trains, carrying modern tourist sleepers and chair cars. A fast run on the Fast Mail; two other daily trains to connect. Fred Harvey meal service, too. Ask me for full particulars.

Write to C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agent, 2301 Railway Exchange, Chicago for Arizona and San Joaquin Valley land folders and six months' free subscription to "The Earth".  
Geo. C. Thillard, Gen. Eastern Pass. Agt., 577 and 1224 Broadway, New York City. Phone, Franklin 3210 and 2901.

**ABRAHAM AND STRAUS.**  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Announce:  
The First Showing of  
"Pamgreen"

the new color silk to be worn to-day by Mrs. Wilson in the Inaugural Gown

WE HAVE THE HONOR of showing to-day to the public for the first time in a window display the new color silk to be worn by Mrs. Wilson in the inaugural gown when she becomes to-day

"The First Lady in the Land."

"Helen Pink," named after the daughter of President Taft; "Alice Blue," named for the daughter of President Roosevelt, and "Neil Rose," a compliment to the daughter of Mr. Wilson, must now give way to "Pamgreen," for Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, during the inauguration day ceremonies, will wear this delicious shade of green, thus conferring upon it an exclusive distinction which will make it the color of the season in this country.

Every one will be interested in what the new President says and does, but women all over the world will be intensely curious about what the wife of the President WEARS.

We are very glad, therefore, to be able to show the new color in a window display, appropriately arranged for public appreciation—the first showing of the kind, we believe, in the country of this distinctive color which will influence fashion the world over.

"Pamgreen"

The new color is a most exquisitely soft and delicate tone of green and named Pamgreen (pronounced Pam green) by the makers.

The window itself is a most interesting one, with almost life size photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, specially produced for this occasion. A beautiful figure of Columbia appears, presenting to the new President a great armful of American Beauty roses. Special arrangements had to be made to secure the silk in time for this elaborate showing.

The new color is produced in two styles of silk, which will be sold here at very moderate prices:  
Satin Charmeuse, 40 inches wide, at \$1.98 a yard.  
Satin Liberty, 36 inches wide, at \$1.35 a yard.

The quickest and easiest way to reach Brooklyn's Great More is by Brooklyn Subway Express direct to the Abraham & Straus private station at Hoyt Street—minutes from Grand Central Depot.